



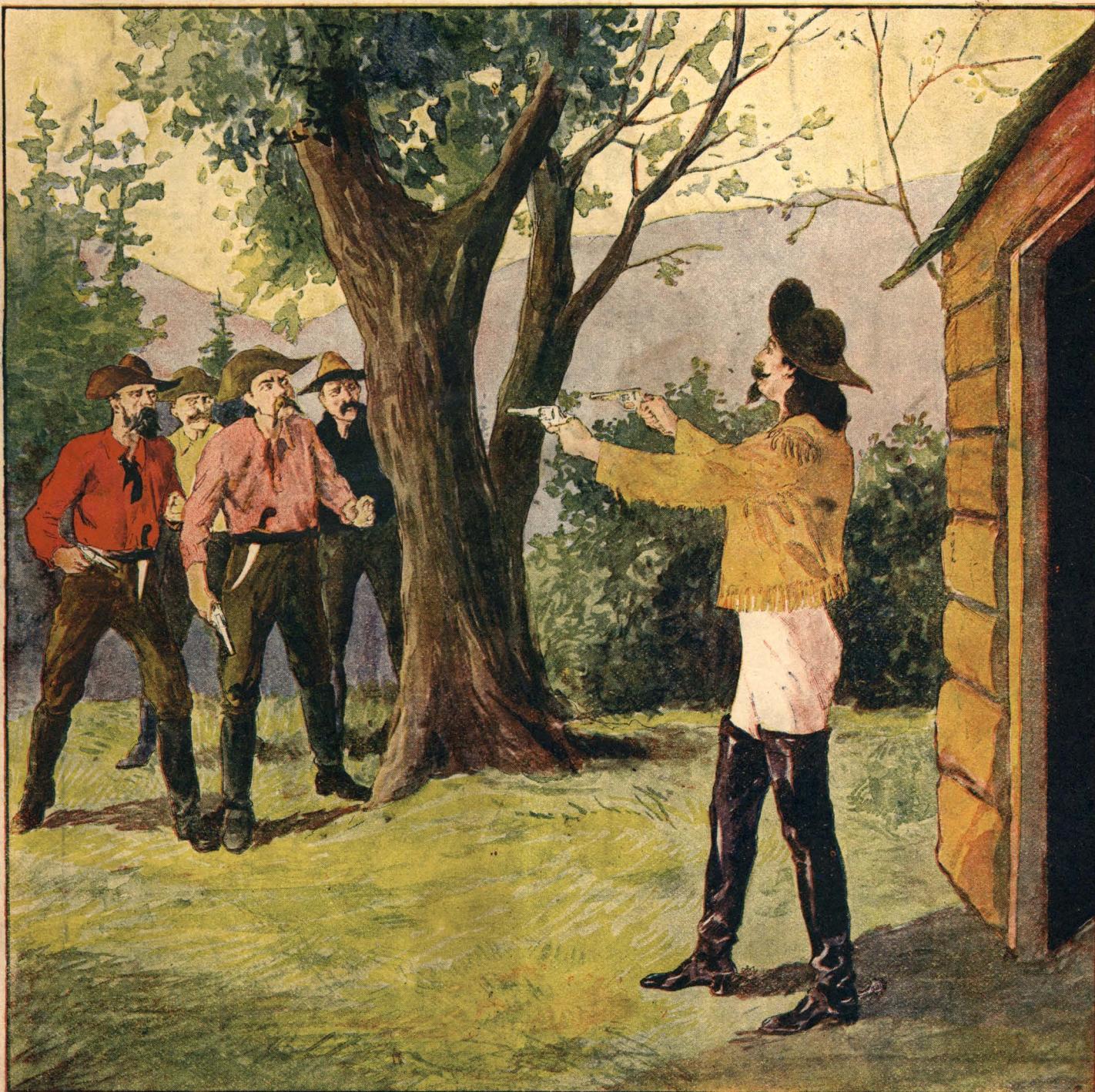
# THE BUFFALO BILL STORIES

A WEEKLY PUBLICATION  
DEVOTED TO BORDER HISTORY

Issued Weekly. By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at New York Post Office by STREET & SMITH, 238 William St., N. Y.

No. 25.

Price, Five Cents.



"YOU HAVE PUT A REWARD ON MY SCALP-LOCK. COME AND TAKE IT!" SAID BUFFALO BILL.—(CHAPTER LXXV.)



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Price Five Cents.

## BUFFALO BILL'S VICTORIES.

By the author of "BUFFALO BILL."

### CHAPTER LXXII.

#### THE UNKNOWN LIFE SAVER.

Though the incidents, characters and scenes of this story are of the wild Western frontier, it opens in the East and upon the coast of the great Atlantic.

It is the bathing hour at Long Branch, and the far-stretching beach is crowded with bathers, enjoying a tumble in the incoming breakers that rush shoreward with a force and roar that is appalling to all but bold swimmers.

Upon the back of a restive and handsome horse, and gazing with interest upon the bathers on the beach, is a man of striking appearance, as he indolently and gracefully sits in the saddle, with the display of a perfect horseman.

Suddenly a look of alarm crosses his countenance, as he beholds one young girl, whose stylish bathing-dress and handsome face and form have long at-

tracted his attention, venturing alone too far from the beach, and going directly into the very worst breakers.

"Heavens! does no one see her danger?" he cried, anxiously, and then as she was swept still farther seaward, he called out to a man near:

"Here, sir, hold my horse, please, a moment."

Startled by the stern request, the man sprang to obey, and, casting aside his coat, vest, hat and boots, the horseman dashed down to the beach, just as a thrilling cry was heard from the now thoroughly frightened and venturesome girl, of:

"Save me! oh, save me! I am drowning!"

In the immediate surf the cry was lost by the dash of waters, but many on the beach, and those on the bluff, heard the imploring call, and instantly there was a scene of wild excitement.

Into the rough waters dashed the horseman, and

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he disappeared from the view of those who watched him, to, after a long time it seemed to the watchers, reappear far out from the shore.

Boldly, and with herculean strength, he breasted the wild waves, and eagerly he glanced around for the drowning girl.

Nowhere was she visible, and his heart almost sunk within him with dread; but no! suddenly he caught sight of her pale and beautiful face twenty feet away, as she arose upon a mighty wave, and their eyes met—hers most imploring in their terror and beseeching for aid, and his determined to save her from the awful doom that awaited her.

Again she arose upon another wave, and in her ears came the quiet tones of the man then so near her:

"Have no fear; I will save you; but preserve your presence of mind."

Rapidly the outward flow still bore them from the beach, and a glance shoreward so rapidly receding, almost overcome the young girl, expert swimmer though she was, and she closed her eyes, as if to shut out the sight of death so near her.

Then a strong hand seized her, an arm encircled her delicate waist, and the same cool, decided voice said:

"Have no fear now, rest yourself, and strike out with me for the shore."

The maiden glanced into the stern, handsome face so near her own, and the bold determination and courage she saw there reassured her, and she replied:

"I can swim now, sir, with you by my side. I was unnerved before."

"You ventured too far; now come, strike out with me, and if you get tired I will support you."

Bravely the maiden did as she was told, and slowly the two began to stem the outward flow, the eyes of

all upon the beach and bluff watching them most anxiously.

Foot by foot, yard by yard, they neared the shore, and then the brave strokes of the young girl lessened in strength, and her companion passed his arm around her and supported her, while with unabated strength he still pressed forward.

"Shall we aid you? Here, let me have your other hand, Miss Dunham," cried a young man, who, with several others, had swam out to her aid as they neared the beach.

"No, thank you; I do not need your help now," quietly responded the maiden, but with some bitterness in her tones, at the same time drawing nearer to her unknown preserver, who remarked:

"The danger is now passed, sir, and with this lady's permission I will see her to the beach."

The would-be preservers shrank away from the stern tones of the man, and in a few moments more the beach was reached, and making way through the large crowd, who welcomed them with cheer after cheer, the stranger was escorting her to the hotel bathing-houses, when she said:

"My bath-house is above here, the gothic one yonder, and I foolishly ran down here with some friends to join the bathers."

"Shall I see you there, for you seem fatigued?"

"I will thank you to do so," quietly responded the maiden, and she was then surrounded by a host of congratulating friends, among whom were two young ladies who had gone in bathing with her.

The stranger was about to silently depart, when the maiden was joined by her friends, but she clung to him, and, forcing their way through the crowd, she led the way toward the private bathing-house she had pointed out, saying, in tones strangely soft and thrilling:

"To you, sir, I owe my life, but no words of mine

can ever thank you," and she raised her beautiful eyes to the handsome face of her preserver.

"To save a human life, Miss Dunham, gives me more pleasure than you can ever know."

The words, the manner, the sad expression that swept over the stern, handsome face, greatly impressed the young girl, and she turned a searching look upon him, but replied, archly:

"You know me, then?"

"Only as Miss Dunham, having heard you called such by one of the gentlemen who came to your aid."

"Yes, when no aid was needed; but I am Miss Dunham—May Dunham, and I think I should know my brave preserver's name."

"Then it gives me pleasure to introduce myself to Miss Dunham as William Cody. But here you are at your bath-house, and I will leave you."

"No, no; not until I know where you are to be found."

"At the Ocean Hotel. I trust you will suffer no evil effects from your mishap to-day; good-afternoon," and, turning quickly, William Cody walked away, congratulating himself upon having been so fortunate as to save from death so beautiful a girl as was May Dunham.

Returning to the bluff he thanked the gentleman who had held his horse, and who said:

"It was magnificent, and you are a bold swimmer, sir. I am proud to have served you."

Mounting his horse, all wet as he was, he dashed away, followed by a cheer from the crowd.

Reaching the stables, he went into his hotel by a rear way to his room, and, taking out his watch, said:

"I must catch the first train for New York, and then, for the frontier, where I feel at home!"

"Ah! my watch has stopped—the salt water has ruined it!"

"But I hate thanks, and I must catch the first train."

And he did so, while Mr. Enoch Dunham, a wealthy merchant, found, upon calling at the hotel, that the unknown rescuer of his beautiful daughter had gone, leaving no word, while all that was known of the brave life-saver was that his name was William Cody, and that he registered from Nebraska, seemed to have no friends at Long Branch, was alone and remained only for the day.

## CHAPTER LXXIII.

### THE RECOGNITION.

Amid the sheltering mountains of a far-western land, nestled a new settlement of brave pioneers who had, from various reasons, left their homes in the East to seek new firesides and associations on the then wild frontier, with its hostile Indians and bands of lawless whites.

It was a beautiful spot, the scenery grand, the soil fertile, and the pioneers were in force enough to protect themselves from any ordinary attack of redskins.

They had been guided to "Sunset Valley," as they called their resting-place, by a man who had in his early life been an officer in the United States army and stationed on the frontier, had scouted through that very country and learned its attractions.

The nearest fort was fifty miles distant from Sunset Valley, but near enough to serve as a protection to a certain extent.

The officer referred to, then a lieutenant, had resigned from the army on account of the illness of his wife, and had gone East with her and their daughter, then a girl of twelve, to enter upon a business career in New York.

For years he had prospered and had grown rich. Then his wife died, financial reverses came upon

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him, and, always a devoted lover of the West, Enoch Dunham and his daughter May, at that time a beautiful girl of twenty, had decided to seek a new home upon the frontier.

They had gone to the Southwest and joined a wagon train of pioneers to go overland to an abiding-place, and of the outfit Enoch Dunham, on account of his military experience in early life, had not only been made the captain, but they had yielded to him in the selection of a site for their settlement.

When the train reached the chosen spot, all were delighted with Sunset Valley, and hastily they set to work to build a stockade fort, into which to retreat if forced to do so, and to erect stout and comfortable homes.

The home of "Captain" Enoch Dunham was the largest and most comfortable, while, under the care of May Dunham, who rather enjoyed the wild life she had known and loved in her early girlhood, the cabin was made most attractive within and without.

If May Dunham, once a belle in New York society, pined for the busy life of the city, the enjoyments of conquests her beauty had won for her at their summer home in Long Branch, her father saw no sign of it, and he hoped that she was happy.

They had been six months settled in Sunset Valley when, one beautiful moonlight night, as the captain and May were seated upon the piazza of their cabin home, enjoying the beauty of the moonlit scene, the sound of rapidly-approaching hoofbeats was heard.

As they were always on the alert for danger, the sound was somewhat startling at that hour, and Captain Dunham laid aside his pipe and said:

"Can it be a courier from the fort, I wonder?"

"Perhaps so, father, or one of our valley scouts, for, you know, they have reported the Indians to be very uneasy of late."

"Yes, and the roving bands of white outlaws also

to be getting troublesome, for they always get in their lawless work at a time when the Indians are hostile—but here comes the horseman."

As Captain Dunham spoke, a horseman came into view, riding like the wind.

A moment after, he reined up at the door and asked, as he raised the broad sombrero he wore:

"Is this the home of Captain Enoch Dunham?"

Both father and daughter were struck with the splendid appearance of both horse and rider, for the moonlight streamed full upon them.

"I am Enoch Dunham, sir," replied the settler, in response to the horseman's inquiry.

"I am ordered by Major Ray, of Fort Rose, to inform you, sir, that the Indians are on the warpath in considerable force, and may make an attack upon your settlement, while Malo, the Mexican leader of outlaws, who attacked your train on its way here, is also planning mischief.

"Major Ray instructs me to tell you, sir, that, should you desire to send the women and children of your settlement to Fort Rose, to at once send him a courier with the request and to get them ready and he will forward a soldier escort to meet them."

"I thank Major Rose, sir, and yourself; but I believe we can take care of our women and children in our fort here, leaving all our men to guard the settlement."

"Will you so inform the major, sir, while I get the settlement at once under arms?"

"Pardon me, sir; it is understood by him that if you do not send a courier he is to understand you feel able to protect the settlement, and I have to go on a special scout to learn the movements of the hostiles and their force, and I will see that you are informed, sir. Good-night."

"Hold, sir! for I desire to know to whom I am in-

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debted for this warning," called out Captain Dunham, as the horseman was about to dash on.

"I am an army scout, sir, and known on the border as Buffalo Bill," was the response.

"Ah! indeed! I have long heard of you; but then who has not? You will dismount, surely, and have supper?"

"I thank you, sir; but my duty brooks of no delay, and I have now been in the saddle for thirty hours. Good-night. I shall give you warning of danger," and, again raising his hat, Buffalo Bill was off at a gallop.

"Father!"

"Yes, May."

"I know that man."

"You know him, my child?"

"Yes."

"We all have heard of him, and he is a most remarkable man."

"Do you know his name, father?"

"I have heard it is William F. Cody—Buffalo Bill," said Mr. Dunham.

"And my unknown life-saver's name was William Cody," responded May. "He is the same man, father, who saved my life at Long Branch two years ago!"

"By Jove! I believe you are right, May, and we will talk of this again. Now I must give the alarm," and, taking a bugle from where it hung on the wall, Captain Dunham blew the "assembly."

Almost instantly a horn from the nearest ranch answered, then another and another, until all down the valley, from home to home, echoed the wild notes of warning, calling the fighting men of the settlement to assemble at their leader's cabin.

### CHAPTER LXXIV.

#### THE SCOUT'S RETREAT.

When Buffalo Bill rode rapidly away from the Sunset Valley settlement he kept his horse at a steady lope on a trail that led into the depths of the Indian country.

He did not spare his horse, and it was after midnight before he came to a halt at the edge of a heavy growth of timber.

He gave a shrill whistle, and it was answered from the timber, and a moment after a man in buckskin stepped quietly out into the moonlight.

"Ho, Dick, on the watch, I see," said Buffalo Bill.

"You bet I am, chief—with the reds as uneasy as a cat in a strange garret."

"Found out anything new?"

"They are joining with the Dog Soldiers Sioux and are throwing their scouts ahead in force."

"So I feared."

"Did you go to the fort, chief?"

"Oh, yes, and gave the warning to Major Ray, who is wide awake."

"I also returned by Sunset Valley to warn the settlers, or I would have been here sooner."

"Sooner! Well, you are mighty soon to have made the ride you did—that horse of yours is like yourself—never knows what it is to get tired."

"Well, I am tired enough now, but am bound for my retreat to get some rest. But, as your horse was killed, you must take mine and go on to the fort and report to Major Ray that I warned Sunset Valley, and Captain Dunham will keep the women and children there, though I think it would be well to send a troop of soldiers there to aid them, as the Indians will doubtless strike that country first."

"Also tell him about the uniting of the Dog Soldier Sioux with the mountain tribe."

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"My horse will take you to the fort all right."

"No doubt of that, chief! but you?"

"You can put your saddle and bridle on my horse, and I will take my traps to the retreat, where I have other animals, you know."

"Yes, and all good ones. But I forgot to tell you that Malo, the Mexican, is on the warpath, too."

"Oh, yes; of course."

"And he has stuck on rocks and trees papers offering a reward for your scalp of one thousand dollars."

"He prizes it highly," said Buffalo Bill.

"Yes, and he has written the papers with a stick dipped in blood, and telling his men to get the reward."

"Good! And I guess there'll be some more blood shed. But I'll take a cold supper with you, Dick, and then we'll start."

"I've got it ready; but where will I find you, Chief Bill, if the major sends me on your trail?"

"Come by the Sunset Valley settlement, for I will keep in touch there, through one of my men, and if not there, then to my cabin retreat, then here, where I will leave a note," was the answer.

A quarter of an hour later Buffalo Bill and Lone Dick parted, the latter mounted upon the scout's horse, and taking the trail to Fort Rose, while the daring scout, shouldering his saddle and bridle, started on foot for his mountain retreat.

Rapidly the scout continued his way, until he came to a bold hill, heavily timbered, and, as if fully acquainted with the ground, he entered the forest, and at a long, swinging gait kept on at a rate that carried him over the ground with remarkable celerity.

At length, just as daylight, he sunk down upon the river bank to rest, and tired out he unconsciously dropped off to sleep. From the dark covert of the woods, where they had hidden upon seeing him ap-

proach, were five men, who appeared to be Dog Soldier Sioux in all the glory of their warpaint, but a careful inspection would have shown that they were palefaces, renegades of their race, committing acts of cruelty under the guise of Indians.

Step by step and noiselessly the five men crept toward the sleeping scout, and with one accord they sprang upon him.

But, though taken unawares, and with five to one against him, the scout was not to be taken easily, and with his giant strength hurled his foes from him as he arose to his feet; yet they knew that death was their portion if he could ever use his weapons, and with frenzy they hung to him, and by force of numbers and weight, again bore him bodily to the ground.

Again he arose, and with marvelous power dashed them aside, but again they clung to his arms, legs and neck, until, wrenching one of his hands free, he drew his knife, and it was quickly buried in the heart of one of his assailants, just as a loud cry was heard, and there dashed up an Indian horseman.

He was a man of giant form, towering to the height of seven feet, and the horse he rode was one of the largest of its species, but not at all clumsy.

The warrior was dressed in buckskin, his face was painted in all the glory of war colors, and his head was surmounted by a feather crown, which added to his height still more.

His arms consisted of a short rifle, a pair of revolvers, a long knife, and a huge hatchet, or battle-ax.

Under his ringing war cry the woods echoed again, and, springing from his horse, the chief—for such his dress proved him to be—with a blow of his heavy ax, crushed one of the enemies to the ground, just as the scout drove his knife into the bosom of another.

Rapidly the two others bounded away, and sprang into the river, and the scout drew a revolver to await their reappearance, when the chief said, hastily, speaking in the language of the Pawnees:

"Come; the dogs of the renegades have stolen the Dancing Star of the Sioux, and carry her back to the wigwams of her people."

"What say you, Big Thunder?" cried the scout, still panting from his violent exertion to free himself from his assailants.

"Big Thunder speaks straight. The Dancing Star had come to the home of the scout to tell him that the Sioux had gone on the trail of the palefaces; but the white chief was not there, and she told Big Thunder and the Black Lion, and the renegades crossed the trail of the maiden and made her captive."

"This is news, Big Thunder; and you came to seek me to tell me of the Sioux raid, I suppose?"

"Big Thunder came to seek white chief, and the son of Big Thunder, the Red Hound, has gone to find the white chief to tell him all; the Black Lion is at his home in the hills."

"Good! and you arrived just in time to be of service, my friend. Now we will let those fellows go for the present, and I will go for my horse."

"Yonder good horses," quietly responded the huge chief, and, leading the way, the scout following, the two suddenly came upon five fine animals that had belonged to the renegades who had attacked the scout.

"We are in luck, Big Thunder, and, as I live, here is the horse of Malo, the Mexican, himself! Could he have been one of those five who attacked me?"

Quickly springing into the saddle of the splendid bay, which they both recognized as the favorite steed of the renegade chief, Malo, the scout dashed back

to where lay the bodies of the three slain men, and eagerly scanned their faces.

"No, he is not among these. Ah! I have it; he was the powerful fellow who clung to my throat, and he has escaped. Oh, that I had known you, Malo, your hours would have been numbered," and the scout spoke savagely.

"Well, chief," he said, after a pause, "we must now take the trail of the wretches who have stolen the Dancing Star, and overhaul them before they reach their village."

The Indian gave a grunt of assent, stooped quietly and removed the scalps of the three men, and then, turning the four remaining horses loose in the forest, they mounted and rode rapidly away.

For several miles the scout and his Indian companion kept on at a rapid rate, and then they came to a fresh trail, which the warrior said was left by the party who had stolen the Dancing Star.

Narrowly regarding it for a while, Buffalo Bill said, slowly:

"They have made for their stockade stronghold, taking the trail around by the Loupe, to avoid the hunting grounds of the Pawnees; there are about forty of them, I judge, and here, you see, is the iron track of the steed which Major Ray gave the Dancing Star."

"Come, Big Thunder, we will go first to our home, and then, with Black Lion and your son, Red Hound, who will doubtless return to the cabin when he does not find me, we will ambush those devils, and rescue the Dancing Star."

"Good! White chief wise! Good!" was the reply of the Indian, and the two men dashed off in a direction to the westward of the Indian trail.

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### CHAPTER LXXV.

#### BUFFALO BILL'S SCALP LOCK.

After Buffalo Bill and the Indian chief, Big Thunder, had followed the trail for some miles, the scout came to a halt and said:

"I will go to my cabin, chief, while you go on and see if this trail goes toward the setting sun after it crosses the rockland where no tracks can be seen."

"If it does, go to your cave retreat and I will meet you there, for, if the trail goes as I believe, we can save half a day's ride. Does the big chief understand?"

"The great White Hunter speaks with a straight tongue. The Big Thunder will go," was the answer.

There the two parted, the Indian still following the trail, while Buffalo Bill began to ascend the mountain.

It was a fairly steep climb, but the captured horse he rode did not seem to mind it, and after a few miles he came to a stout log cabin under a cliff and with a heavy growth of timber in its front.

A tiny stream of icy water trickled over the cliff and ran under the cabin, which was large enough to shelter half-a-dozen men and horses.

This was Buffalo Bill's own retreat, and here he often sought the shelter when on his scouting expeditions, as he kept hidden away in the cabin, or rather in a hole in the cliff back of it and securely hidden by the log wall, a supply of ammunition, provisions and blankets.

It was to get a supply of ammunition that Buffalo Bill now went there.

The cabin had been first built by a mad gold hunter whom the Indians believed an Evil Spirit, and they never went near it, as the madman had taken his own life there, hanging himself to a crossbeam.

The outlaws had raided it several times, hoping to find Buffalo Bill there, but had found nothing.

Now, as he rode up to the cabin, Buffalo Bill saw a piece of white paper tacked upon the door.

Dismounting, he read it and smiled.

It was evidently written with a sharp pointed stick and in what appeared as blood.

It was as follows:

REWARD.  
 ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS  
 for the  
 SCALP OF BUFFALO BILL  
 and proof  
 of

The Army Scout's Death.

MALO THE MEXICAN.

"And I'd give a cool thousand if Malo would himself come after it," muttered Buffalo Bill.

Having put his horse to feed on a grass plot not far away, Buffalo Bill entered the cabin.

He it was who had discovered the mad gold hunter hanging there over a year before and had given him a decent burial.

The scout had then made a thorough search of the lone cabin and had found that two of the rear logs turned on a pivot in one corner and revealed the secret hiding-place in the cliff.

This secret he turned to his own needs, as has been said, as a supply dépôt.

He now opened the place, first got out of it the extra supply of ammunition he needed, then some provisions, and, building a fire in the large fireplace, cooked his dinner.

This done he was ready to depart, and, stepping out of the door, beheld four rough-looking men within a few yards of him.

He saw them before they did him, and at once acted with that promptness and daring for which he is noted and which has hundreds of times won him the victory against big odds.

"You have put a reward on my scalp—come and take it!" said Buffalo Bill.

He had the four men covered with his revolvers, and not one dared move a muscle.

It was a perilous moment for the scout, but he was playing a desperately bold game.

His face was stern but serene, and a deadly light shot forth from his eyes.

He had played a bold bluff as a trump card and they had to take it up or back down.

He waited an instant.

But Buffalo Bill was not a man to wait long.

He believed in action. He would lead off with a rapid fire in a moment more.

But, to the surprise of the scout as well as the outlaws, two shots rang out, and mingling with them came a wild, roaring warcry.

It came from the rear of the outlaws, and two of them dropped dead.

Buffalo Bill lost not a second in taking advantage of the turn in his favor, for his revolver opened, and, though the two outlaws in their desperation fired, the fight ended as Big Thunder dashed upon the scene.

The giant chief lost no time in gathering to himself four paleface scalps, with the remark:

"Heap bad paleface—heap good scalp!"

Buffalo Bill held out his hand and grasped that of the Indian.

"The big chief has again saved his white brother."

"White chief save Big Thunder heap plenty time."

"Big Thunder see trail go all right, come back, see bad paleface come this way—he come, too; heap glad."

"So am I, chief. But we'll look over the freight these fellows carry, and then bury them near the mad gold hunter."

"Where are their horses?"

"Down valley."

The search of the men enriched Big Thunder, for Buffalo Bill turned all over to the chief, and then they buried the bodies hastily and started upon their way.

The horses of the outlaws were found, but were a broken-down lot, so the saddles and bridles were hidden and the scout and his Indian pard rode hastily on to the cave retreat.

Following a trail that led into the very heart of the hills, they suddenly came to a precipitous pathway, to ascend which they were compelled to dismount from their horses.

It was a tedious climb, but ere long they reached a plateau, above which towered two hills, divided by a cañon or narrow passageway, which proved that once the rise had been a single elevation, but split asunder by some earthquake in years gone by.

The cañon was hardly more than ten feet wide, a passageway between walls that soared on either side to two hundred feet, and following its winding course, the scout and his companion soon found themselves at the mouth of a huge cavern upon the right.

Into this the horse of the Indian entered without hesitation—the animal ridden by the scout timidly venturing—and, after a ride in total darkness of ten minutes, the path descending gradually the whole way, light appeared ahead, and ere long they came forth into daylight, emerging from the dark cavern into a small but lovely valley, through which a mad torrent rushed, falling over a precipice sixty feet at the terminus of the valley, two hundred yards away.

Around the head of the valley toward hills impassable to the foot of man and beast, and near the mouth of the cavern in the hillside was another cave, the entrance of which was protected by a small log fort or hut.

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### CHAPTER LXXVI.

#### BUFFALO BILL'S STRANGE ALLIES.

This retreat which Buffalo Bill and Big Thunder had come upon was the home of secret allies of the scout—a hiding-place in the very fastnesses of the mountains.

Knowing every winding passageway through the hills, it would have been almost impossible for a regiment of men to have driven them from the stronghold, or captured them therein.

In the valley were feeding half-a-dozen horses, all of them superb-looking animals, and in front of the log entrance to the cave sat a negro man, almost the counterpart of Big Thunder in size and splendid proportions.

At his feet lay two hounds, full-blooded brutes, that would lay hold of a bear at the command of their master, but gentle and kind-looking when not on duty.

As the scout and Indian approached, the hounds sprang up and whined a welcome, at the same time playing an accompaniment with their tails by pounding their ribs.

"Well, Pompey, you are sunning yourself, I see, and enjoying the vast scene spread out before you," said the scout, riding up.

"Yas, massa, I'se looking at de map of de Lord, and wonderin' why dem cussed redskins is 'lowed to 'habit dis beautiful country; but I means no 'fense to de Big Thunder, and he son, de Red Hound, who is most 'spectable Injuns, sah."

"Big Thunder great chief, Red Hound great brave, Black Lion big chief, White Chief more bigger than all," said the Indian, in reply, motioning first to himself, then referring to his son, next to the negro, who was called Black Lion by the redskins, and last speaking of the scout.

"Yas, sah, I'se a full-blood nigger, and a big chief, too," said the negro, glancing approvingly at his huge form with a chuckle.

He was dressed as was Big Thunder, and similarly armed, his rifle leaning against the log fort; his face was open, generous, and daring, and he was really as brave as a lion, and was greatly feared by both Sioux and renegades.

"Where is the Red Hound, Pompey?"

"He on de top of de hill, sah; he tell me you was comin' some time ago; but whar you horse, massa, and whar you git dat animile? He belong to dat debil renegade, do he not, 'cos I t'ink I 'cognizes de horse, don't I, massa?"

"Pompey, you should have been a Sunday-school teacher, for you can ask more questions in one sentence than any man I know," laughingly replied the scout.

"He, he, I make good teacher, won't I, massa, and dat am de animile of de renegade, ain't him, and how you git him, massa? Did you slew de old debil chief, cuss him?"

"No, Pompey; he escaped me, but he left me his horse."

"Aha, chile; but whar you own animile? Is he dead, massa?"

"No; I left him in the care of a friend."

"A young 'oman got him, I'll bet yer. Now, massa, you jist let de 'omans alone, for dey's de debil's wife if you get 'em started. Now, you see old Dinah; she am in de cave sleepin' now, cos de old lady gittin' 'long in years; now you jist see her; well, I isn't afeered o' any man livin' 'ceptin' dat old gal, and she make it hot for me, even in de winter time."

"Well, Pompey, Dinah is getting old now, and, having known you since you were a boy, she thinks she has the right to scold; but now look to the

horses, feed them well, and have them ready in about three hours for all four of us must start on the trail."

"I goin', too, massa?"

"Yes, and Big Thunder and his son, also; Dinah can take care of the cave, for we will some of us get back by to-morrow. Ah, here comes Red Hound!"

The negro walked away to obey the scout's orders, and at the same time there came down the steep hill-side an Indian warrior.

He was a fine specimen of his race, and, like his father, was one of the remnants of a once mighty people, who had been driven from pillar to post by the whites, until they had at last wandered from the Atlantic's shores to the prairies of the far West.

"Well, honey, you back 'gin?" suddenly said a kind voice behind the scout, as he stood talking to Red Hound.

"Yes, Aunt Dinah, I am home again; but we are all going to leave you soon, for a day or two, for the renegades have captured Dancing Star," said the scout, kindly, offering his hand to an aged negro woman who stood in the door of the cave.

"Dey's always up to some devilment; but you must have somtin' to eat, chile, and somtin' to carry wid you, so you jist lie down and take a leetle nap, while de old 'oman git you some breakus. Whar dat lazy debil, Pompey, I wonder? In course he ain't here now, when he know I want some wood. I wish de Injuns scalp he woolly head some time, jist to scare him; he, he, he! I guess de Black Lion stick he tail atween his legs and run home like de debil, den!" and laughing at the idea she pictured, the old negress waddled away to collect wood to build a fire.

Shortly after noon the scout and his three companions, freshly mounted and armed to the teeth, rode forth from the valley to endeavor to rescue the Dancing Star from the clutches of her captors.

## CHAPTER LXXVII.

### TO THE RESCUE OF DANCING STAR.

At a swift gait Buffalo Bill and his followers rode on, Red Hound leading and the others coming behind in Indian file.

After a ride of twenty miles they came to a narrow gulch or pass, leading between two hills, and an examination of the ground proved that the renegades had not passed on to their forest fortress yet.

"So far good! Now, Big Thunder, you and the Red Hound will take the right-hand side of the pass, and the Black Lion and myself will hold the left. When the renegades come in range I will give my warwhoop, and then we will all fire together, and then charge upon them, firing as we advance. Be careful not to injure the Dancing Star."

"Me understand," quietly responded the chief, and he rode away to a thick clump of trees upon the right of the pass, while the scout and Pompey took up a position on the left.

"They have had ample time to reach here; ha! they are coming now," and as the scout spoke there was heard the distant sound of a man's voice, singing a negro melody.

"Him will sing on de oder side o' his jaw 'fore long," said Pompey, looking at his weapons, and seating himself more firmly in his saddle.

"We were just in time. I thought they would be certain to come by this pass, for if the Pawnees caught them with their adopted daughter, they would instantly endeavor to rescue her," muttered the scout, speaking more to himself than to his companion.

Presently around a bend in the road came half-a-dozen horsemen, four white men and two Indians, and one of the former still shouted forth his song in no unmusical voice.

## THE BUFFALO BILL STORIES.

Quietly they were permitted to pass on, and behind them followed a motley crowd, consisting of both whites and redskins, several Indian warriors and squaws of the Pawnee nation, bound upon the backs of horses, and, mounted upon a spirited little sorrel was the Dancing Star, her feet firmly bound beneath the belly of the horse.

Behind were a number of horses the renegades had stolen, and bringing up the rear were half-a-dozen Dog Soldiers.

In all there were about forty men; but that made no difference to Buffalo Bill, for he had come to attempt the rescue of the Indian maiden, and he would not allow numbers to deter him.

The band of marauders were too near their forest retreat to dread danger, and wholly unsuspecting they were straggling along, scattered into a long line.

Suddenly there pierced forth a wild and terrible warcry, followed immediately by a series of prolonged yells from either side of the pass, and at the same time the repeating rifles (the date of this story is laid about the time that repeating rifles were first introduced upon the frontier) of the four ambushed men began to rattle forth their deadly hail, causing many a warrior to drop to the ground, and throwing the whole line into confusion.

In the narrow pass there was little chance for defense from an unseen foe, and the enemy not knowing the number of their enemies hastily decamped, and like a whirlwind the armed quartette was upon them.

A few of the renegades rallied and delivered a few shots hastily, but like a human tornado the scout and his daring followers swept over them, and in two minutes' time the prisoners were released from their bonds, Dancing Star was again free, and with rapid flight the party dashed away.

After a rapid run of several miles Scout Buffalo Bill halted, and, pointing to a trail, said, turning to the released Pawnee warriors and squaws:

"Yonder trail leads to the Pawnee village. Let

my friends hasten ere the dogs are again on their track, for the steeds of the renegades are swift."

"The chief of the paleface braves has spoken well. He has taken the Pawnee braves and their women from their enemies, and the council lodge of the nation shall ever burn bright for his coming. Let the Pawnee warriors touch the hand of the great chief, whose enemies flee before him as the leaves whirl from the path of the wind," and Dancing Star held forth her hand to the scout.

She was a maiden of scarcely seventeen, and a fairer child of the prairies never met the gaze of man, and conscious of her beauty, many was the brave warrior who had bowed before her and begged her to become his wife.

Her figure was graceful, flexible, rounded by open-air exercise, while her skin had less of the red hue of her people, and was soft and clear.

Her features were not marked, but regular, and there was an expression of timid loveliness upon the face foreign to the Indian race.

She was handsomely dressed in a suit of her own adroit workmanship, beaded moccasins, fringed leggings, headdress and all, and in her beaded girdle stuck a dirk knife, a present from the scout a year before, and of which her captors had not robbed her.

Dancing Star was supposed to be a half-breed Sioux maiden, the child of a chief's daughter, and some of the gay young gallants at the fort; but that was not certain.

True it was, however, that she loved the palefaces far more than she did the Sioux, and had deserted her tribe to become the adopted daughter of the Pawnees, who were at peace with the palefaces, and a far nobler race than were the Indians who claimed her.

For her desertion the Sioux had pronounced the sentence of death upon her, if taken, and many were the snares laid to entrap the maiden, who eluded them up to the time of her capture by the renegades and their Dog Soldier allies, when she was returning from the hills where was the home of Buffalo Bill, whither she had gone to warn him that

the Sioux were on the warpath, for so reported the Pawnee braves.

Having often seen the scout and his followers in the Pawnee village, Dancing Star had taken a great fancy to them all, and though awed by the great fame of the scout, she had often sat by the hour listening to his stories of the land of the palefaces, until she longed to be a maiden with white skin and sunny locks.

Determined to prove to the great scout, after the many services he had rendered her adopted people, the Pawnees, that a maiden could dare much to warn him of danger to the palefaces, she had sought the hills where she knew he had his retreat, and had met Big Thunder, to whom she had told all.

It was upon her return that she dashed unexpectedly into the renegade camp, and was taken, in spite of the speed of her horse, which had been presented to her by Major Ray, in return for a handsome suit of buckskin she had made and worked for him.

## CHAPTER LXXVIII.

### A DUEL WITH A SIOUX BRAVE.

Having now explained why Buffalo Bill was anxious to rescue the brave Indian girl from her perilous bondage, we will continue the conversation between the two, when they came to where the trails divided, the one leading toward the distant Pawnee village, and the other to the hills where the scout allies had his retreat.

In answer to the complimentary strain of Dancing Star, the scout replied:

"The Pawnees' pet, the star of the forest and prairie, is a noble maiden, and the Scout of the Plains thanks her for what she did for him, and soon he will visit the village of her people, and tell the braves that they have a girl-warrior in their tribe."

"Now let the Dancing Star and her people fly and reach their village, for the renegades will be on their track."

"The great chief has spoken; the braves and the

squaws of the Pawnees will fly from their enemies, for they are powerless to protect themselves; they have no arms."

"Here; let the Dancing Star take the whirling papoose gun of the scout; it shall be her own," and the scout handed the maiden a beautiful silver-mounted revolver of the smaller size, which he drew from his breast pocket.

The eyes of the maiden fairly danced with delight, as she took the weapon, and then, as she had seen the officers' wives at the fort do, when their husbands rode away, she threw him a kiss, and, like a redskin coquette as she was, trilled forth a perfect rill of laughter and dashed away, followed by the released braves and squaws, who had been surprised on a hunting-trip near their village.

"Now, Big Thunder, we will wait here, and give the renegades a check, ere we return to our retreat," said the scout, and, secreting themselves in a favorable place, they awaited the coming of the enemy, whom they felt assured would rally and give chase as soon as they had made up their minds how very few their assailants were.

A half hour passed, and a squadron dashed in sight, some twenty men, comprising both Indians and whites, and rapidly they came along, determined to overhaul and punish the daring foes who had thus robbed them of their captives.

"All together! fire!"

Four rifles flashed forth at the order of Buffalo Bill, and rapidly came shot after shot into the very thick of the enemy, while the well-known and terrible warcries of the daring quartet spread terror into the ranks.

"Now for another rally and a bold charge," cried the scout, and like partridges before a hunter the renegade band scattered, firing a few hasty shots, and every man striving to save himself as he wheeled in the back track toward their forest retreat.

Quickly Buffalo Bill came to the rightabout, and confronted a flying savage, raising his pistol as the Indian drew back his tomahawk.

The pistol flashed as the Indian hurled his weapon,

and both aims were true, for the warrior was shot through the brain, and his tomahawk struck the scout in the head, felling him like a log from his horse.

The Black Lion saw his chief fall and rushed forward, sprang from his horse, and, approaching the dead Indian, cried:

"I never done skulp an Injun yit, but I skulp you, kase you done slewed my massa," and with one blow of his heavy knife he opened the Indian's skull, for Pompey was not an expert at scalping, being opposed to removing "de har of any gemman, for de Lord had put it thar to stick," he said.

Raising the scout in his powerful arms, he found that he was apparently lifeless; but the pulse still beat faintly, and he mounted his horse, and, carrying him before him as though he were a child, he dashed away at full speed toward the retreat, leaving Big Thunder and Red Hound to follow the flying renegades.

The animal ridden by the Black Lion was a fair match for the steed of Big Thunder, and with a long, sweeping gait carried his double load along with apparent ease.

A hard and long ride was it, but at length the cave was in sight, and Dinah was frightened half out of her wits as she saw Pompey return thus bearing his master.

"Get de bed ready, ole Dinah, and we doctor him up, for, please God, he haint be dead yit," said the negro, quickly, and he bore the scout into the cabin, while Dinah hustled about, doing all in her power for her wounded master, and she was a good and kind nurse.

Big Thunder and Red Hound at length returned, their belts fringed with scalps, and, dreading evil to the scout, for his horse, the splendid steed that had belonged to Malo, the Mexican, had dashed by them at full speed, his stirrups wildly flying, as he sped on the trail toward the forest home of his chief.

For days the scout lay ill, for the blow of the tomahawk had been a severe one, and only his heavy sombrero had protected him from instant death; but

tenderly his faithful companions cared for him by day and night, and at last were rejoiced to see him rapidly recovering.

Wishing to communicate with the settlement in the valley, and longing to know how May Dunham was, the scout determined to write a short note to Captain Dunham.

Accordingly, Red Hound left on his mission, and when, a short while after, he returned, the scout was delighted to hear that all was well in the valley settlement.

## CHAPTER LXXIX.

### A COMPLETE SURPRISE.

Knowing that the Dancing Star had given warning to Buffalo Bill of their intended uprising, and that the fort and settlements were prepared to give them a warm reception, the Sioux and their allies, the Dog Soldier Sioux, determined to remain quiet for the time being.

But this resolve on their part did not deceive the soldiers or the settlers as to their future hostile intentions.

Swiftly the days passed on in the new settlement, and the emigrants were beginning to feel at home in the valley.

Then, one day, Guide Lone Dick came in at the head of the Missouri emigrant train which Scout Buffalo Bill had asked him to guide to the Sunset Valley settlement, and as they numbered some twenty families, all of them industrious and well-to-do people, the Dunham party were only too anxious to give them a warm greeting, while the newcomers were delighted at finding they would not have to struggle alone in their frontier home.

Rapidly matters took a new aspect in the settlement, crops were put into the ground, herds of cattle dotted the prairie, a number of young emigrants, amateur scouts, guarded the country to proclaim the approach of danger, and cabins were springing up upon every side.

Altogether, it soon became a homelike scene, and

city people though they were, the Dunhams could not but enjoy the freedom of their new home, while Captain Dunham was greatly relieved by his not having to worry over business affairs, and daily became younger looking.

May Dunham had certainly won the hearts of all in the settlement, and deservedly so, and a score of young men were willing to lay down their lives for her.

But friends to all, not one could boast of being more to her, and, as misery loves company, it is said, they had to be content.

Of the Scout Buffalo Bill May Dunham had asked much, and she was sure that he and no other it had been who had rescued her from death in the surf at Long Branch.

She was anxious to again meet him that she might thank him for the great service then rendered.

Lone Dick, the guide, who had guided the wagon train of pioneers westward, was the one that May Dunham went to and questioned about Buffalo Bill.

The guide had made his home in the Dunham settlement, and when the Indian scare was over he returned there.

He told May of his meeting with Buffalo Bill the night that the latter had given the warning to Captain Dunham, and having met Big Thunder and Red Hound on the trail, he learned of the attack of the renegades on the scout, the second attack at his cabin, the rescue of Dancing Star and the severe wounding with the tomahawk by the warrior whom he had shot dead as the weapon left his hand.

Much more of the remarkable man did May Dunham learn, and she asked:

"Now tell me, Guide Lone Dick, do you know if Scout Cody ever went East?"

"He went once, some two years ago, miss, he told me."

"And where does he live?"

"In the forts, on the prairies and in the mountains, miss."

"But he surely has a home, other than the prairies and mountains?"

"His real home is in Nebraska, where his wife lives when not with him at the forts."

"His wife?" cried May Dunham.

"Yes, miss; he's married, and a beautiful woman he's got for a wife," answered Lone Dick.

May sighed, but said:

"Well, duty demands that we should go to him now; he is wounded, and if my father and I go, can you guide us there?"

"Yes, miss; but it's dangerous work for you to go."

"It is a duty to see that he is cared for and comfortable. I will speak to my father about it."

But that day Major Ray appeared at the fort, and, after receiving a warm welcome from May and her father, he said:

"I am on my way to see Cody at his den, as he is wounded."

"He rescued two negroes from the Sioux once, a man and a woman, whose settlement was wiped out, and these two, with a giant Indian chief and his son, have a retreat in the mountains, and there Cody often goes when scouting, for the four idolize him and he calls them his allies."

"Now I rode on ahead of my escort, but I brought with me Surgeon Danforth and an ambulance, protected by a troop of cavalry, and we shall bring Buffalo Bill this far at least."

"I am delighted to hear this, Major Ray, for I was going to ask father to go to the scout's retreat, taking me along, and see that he was cared for, as he was the man who rescued me at Long Branch."

"No! Can it be possible?"

"Then Cody again raises the estimate I hold of him," said Major Ray.

Soon after the major suggested to May that she should go with him to the cabin of Lone Dick, whom he wished to engage as guide to the retreat of Buffalo Bill, and she willingly consented.

They found the guide at home, and upon their return they seated themselves upon a fallen tree in the edge of some heavy timber, and Major Ray, in an earnest manner that revealed deep feeling, told the

maiden how fondly he loved her, and asked her to become his wife.

Her answer was upon her lips, for long had she cared for the handsome soldier, though fifteen years her senior in years, when suddenly she sprang to her feet at sight of a dozen horsemen, who darted out from the cover of the timber, and suddenly confronted them.

Major Ray also sprang to his feet; but resistance was vain; they were at once seized, bound, and borne away prisoners in full sight of half a hundred settlers, who were startled from their work by one loud and thrilling cry from May Dunham, ere she was carried off by her captors.

### CHAPTER LXXX.

#### VISITORS WITH SAD TIDINGS.

At length Buffalo Bill was fully recovered, but anxious to regain his strength wholly before going again upon the warpath, he lingered around his retreat for several days longer than was really necessary.

Seated one afternoon, toward sunset, in front of his log fort, Red Hound suddenly appeared, coming rapidly down from the hilltop, and upon approaching the scout, he reported two paleface horsemen and a horsewoman coming toward the retreat.

"Strange! Who can they be?" murmured the scout.

"Me tink squaw am Dancing Star," replied Red Hound.

"Indeed! What can she want, I wonder? Well, Red Hound, see who they are, and if it is the Dancing Star and her friends, let them come on."

"Me will," replied the Indian, and he hastily darted away toward the narrow passageway leading to the retreat, while the scout, to guard against surprise, called to Big Thunder and Pompey, who were gardening down in the valley.

Dropping their agricultural implements, the two hastened up the hill, and the scout, having informed them of the report of Red Hound, they hastily sad-

dled up the four horses, and were soon in readiness for battle, should it come to blows, upon the appearance of their strange visitors.

A half-hour passed, and then the Red Hound returned, accompanied by Lone Dick, Captain Dunham and the Dancing Star, the latter seemingly greatly surprised at what they saw around them.

"Captain Dunham, I am glad to welcome you to my home in the hills, and Lone Dick, my friend, the same to you. What, Dancing Star, have you come again to bring the battery of those lovely eyes upon us?"

The manner of the scout was quiet and graceful, and he welcomed his visitors with perfect ease; but he saw in their faces that some sad tidings had they brought with them, and he had a dread of harm to May Dunham.

"We would not have thus intruded into your secluded and secret retreat, sir, but my daughter May and Major Ray were seized last evening by the renegades in sight of the stockade, and borne away.

"We were naturally terribly excited at the settlement, for we believed the kidnapers of May and the major to be Indians; but last night Dancing Star here came to Sunset Valley and told us that she had seen the marauders and that they were renegades of Malo, the Mexican's, band of renegades.

"It seems that Dancing Star, after her rescue by you some time ago, had gotten separated from her party, became lost and her horse becoming very lame she had decided to seek our settlement on foot, and had then seen the renegades and their captives from her place of hiding.

"She had then hastened on to inform us of her discovery, and met our party that pursued on the trail; but night was at hand and we had to return, and both the Dancing Star and Guide Lone Dick urged that we come to seek you, as if unable to go yourself, we could get your advice, and your allies here knew the retreat of the Indians.

"When Major Ray started for the settlement it was to come after you, Scout Cody, as he heard that

you were wounded, and he had with him a troop of cavalry, his surgeon and an ambulance.

"But the major rode on ahead and was home in advance of his escort.

"Last night the surgeon came in with the ambulance and reported that the captain of the troop had discovered a fresh Indian trail of a large band moving toward the Hillside settlement, and deemed it his duty to follow it.

"Such is the situation, Mr. Cody, and in my distress I again appeal to you, for now I know you to be the man who once before saved my daughter's life."

This long explanation was given quietly and in a distinct voice, and yet it could be seen how deep was the inward suffering of Captain Dunham, and that he looked to Buffalo Bill as the only one who could save his daughter and the officer.

The eyes of the scout were seen to glitter with a deadly light, and his chest heaved, but his voice was strangely calm as he replied:

"Mr. Dunham, you have my full sympathy, and shall have the aid of myself and followers."

"I knew you would say this, sir, and Lone Dick and Dancing Star offered their services."

"She is always doing some noble act! Big Thunder!"

"What says the white chief?"

"The renegades have carried to their forest fort two of my friends."

"Let the white chief tell Big Thunder what to do, and he will do it."

"Well do I know that, my friend. Get ready for the warpath, you and the Red Hound."

"Is you gwine to leab dis nigger out, massa?"

"No, Pompey, you are too good a fighter to leave behind," smilingly replied the scout, and the negro, with a glad chuckle, darted away to prepare for the trip, which he knew well would be one of danger.

"Now, Lone Dick, after you have rested and refreshed yourself, you will return with the Dancing Star to the village of her people, and tell them that Scout Buffalo Bill needs a hundred of their bravest warriors to go on the warpath with him.

"Start as soon as you can, and meet me at the Sunset Valley settlement. Red Hound!"

"The Red Hound listens," and the Indian brave stepped forward.

"Go to the village of the paleface warriors, the sons of the Great Father at Washington, and tell the commandant that Major Ray is in the hands of the renegades, and that Cody, the Scout, wishes a squadron of cavalry to aid him to retake him. Stay! Give him this note," and hastily scribbling a line and giving it to the Indian, away the young brave darted, to mount his horse and obey his chief.

"Hold, Red Hound! Guide the white warriors at once to the Sunset Valley settlement."

"The Red Hound has heard," cried the Indian, and he disappeared upon his errand.

"Now, Captain Dunham, that no chance may be missed to bring utter annihilation upon this band of inhuman prairie marauders, I will let my man here, called Pompey in peaceful times, but the Black Lion when on the warpath, guide you at once to the settlement, where you will raise a number of the younger settlers, and when the Pawnees and soldiers arrive, the Black Lion will guide you to the forest where Malo, the Mexican, has his quarters, and there I will join you, for Big Thunder and myself will leave here to-night and fully reconnoiter the renegades' position by the time you arrive.

"It is useless to urge haste, I suppose."

"Yes, for I will use all dispatch. Poor May! what a terror must her situation be to her," sadly said Captain Dunham.

"I trust ere long she will be free, and if harm befall her, I swear that none of that renegade band shall live upon the face of the earth to pollute it with their presence."

Fiercely spoke Buffalo Bill, and all present knew he would keep his word.

An hour more, and Lone Dick and Dancing Star had departed for the Pawnee village, and Captain Dunham and the Black Lion for the settlement at Sunset Valley, the scout having bade the negro bring his best horse, Satan, with him.

After packing up a goodly supply of provisions prepared by Dinah, the scout bade the old woman good-by, and, accompanied by Big Thunder, rode away in the darkness, leaving the negress seated in the entrance to the cabin, calmly smoking her pipe, with a large cat purring in her lap, and one of the hounds squatting upon each side of her.

Guided by the light of a new moon, the scout and the chief rode silently along, and ere the eastern skies grew gray beneath the approach of daylight, they had reached the timber land wherein Malo, the Mexican, and his renegades had their stronghold.

Seeking a safe and secluded covert, the two men rolled themselves in their blankets to sleep away the yet remaining hours of darkness, for they well knew that the morrow would usher in scenes of daring and danger to them.

#### CHAPTER LXXXI.

##### MALO, THE MEXICAN.

The horsemen who had made prisoners of Major Ray and May Dunham were indeed a band of renegades, and mounting their captives upon horses, one of which wore a lady's side-saddle, strange to say, they dashed off at a rapid rate, taking a trail leading along the bank of the river.

Finding that resistance was useless, May, with all her courage and anger aroused, submitted defiantly to her fate, and rode on between two of her captors, men looking in every way capable of committing any crime without compunctions of conscience.

To feel that she was not alone in her misery, that she could look to Major Ray for sympathy and aid, somewhat cheered her, for she knew him to be a brave man, a thorough plainsman, and his cool and indifferent face, as he dashed along between two renegades, gave her renewed courage and hope that something in their favor would yet transpire.

Why she had been seized, or what was to be her fate, she dreaded to think, and banishing the thought, she nerved herself to bear bravely every evil that might befall her.

For several hours the cavalcade rode on, the renegades, like their prisoners, silent, and the darkness preventing their faces from being seen; but this was, perhaps, a relief, for there was not one countenance among the whole number that was not stamped with villainy.

Having at length reached a heavy piece of timber, and feeling assured that their trail could not be followed by night, the renegades stopped to rest, and sadly did May need it, for her captors had pushed on at a rate that fatigued even their hardy frames.

A little distance apart from the main fire the renegades built a smaller one, and here May was permitted to go, and Major Ray soon joined her there.

Her conversation with her fellow captive gave May hope, however, for the officer seemed to believe that aid would come to them.

At the first streak of day in the east the renegades were up, hastily cooked a meat breakfast, of which May partook heartily, for she wished to keep her strength from fagging, and then they were on the move again, Major Ray and the maiden being no longer bound, and allowed to ride side by side.

At noon the timberland came in sight, and after a rough ride through the forest, the renegades' stockade fort was visible, standing in the center of a small clearing, and situated upon a considerable elevation.

A short while more and the cavalcade passed through the massive gateway in the stockade wall, and May glanced around her quickly, and her heart almost sunk within her as she noticed the strong position held by her enemies.

It was a square inclosure, containing two acres, perhaps, and built on both sides of a small stream, which would afford the defenders plenty of water in case of a siege.

The walls were built of the stoutest pieces of timber, set deep in the ground, slanting outward toward the top, and were fifteen feet in height, while a platform ran around the whole inner side of the stockade, as a standing place for riflemen, portholes being pierced through the wood at every five feet.

The top of this formidable stockade wall was fringed with sharp iron spikes, making it impossible for a man to scale it from the outside.

Within the inclosure, forming square barracks, were the cabins of the renegades, one fronting on the banks of the stream, and being more imposing than the others, was the quarters of Malo, and thither the prisoners were conducted, May noticing, as she rode along, nearly a hundred men, Indians and whites, lounging idly around, and regarding both herself and Major Ray with curious eyes.

Dismounting at the cabin, a negro girl of twenty advanced and showed May into a large and comfortable bedroom, furnished in a style she had little expected to see in that outlaw frontier home, and she was glad to bathe her burning face, and throw her weary limbs down to rest.

From the negress she could learn nothing more than was necessary for her personal comfort, and she gave up in despair, although the girl had a bright, handsome face, and seemed out of place there among those lawless men; but she was afraid to speak, doubtless of her master and his men, even if she had the inclination so to do.

Later in the day May was brought in a really delicious repast, prepared by the negress, and she partook of it with considerable relish.

"Where is Major Ray?" asked May of the girl.

"Don't ask me nothing, missy; you see I can't say nothing to you 'bout does tings; but you just keep quiet and all will come right, 'cause you ain't friendless, I tell you; now don't say no more."

The negress spoke in a quiet, subdued tone, and her words were balm to poor May.

The night came, and, fatigued with her long and hard ride, May slept soundly through it, until the following morning when the negress awakened her, and the bright sunshine was streaming into her room.

"I would see your chief, Malo, so please tell him, for I cannot bear this suspense longer," said May to the girl, after she had made her toilet and eaten breakfast.

"He am not here, missy; he be back to-morrow and I tell him."

"Very well; tell him I would see him as soon as he arrives."

Slowly the hours dragged along to poor May, and the evening of the third day of her captivity, as she was seated at the open window, a horseman dashed up, whose appearance at once attracted her attention.

He was mounted upon the very blood bay which Buffalo Bill had taken in the motte, where he had been attacked by the five renegades, and the same animal that had escaped from him when the blow of the Indian's tomahawk struck him from the saddle.

A man sprang forward and took the bridle-rein of the horseman, who immediately ascended the steps of his cabin.

He was a man of a tall and commanding figure, and stepped with a quick, military tread.

He was attired in a suit of buckskin, trousers and sack coat, profusely fringed and handsomely worked with beads and quills.

His pants were stuck in large cavalry boots, armed with heavy spurs, and upon his head he wore a huge slouch hat, turned up on the left side and encircled by a band of gold braid.

His weapons consisted of two silver-mounted revolvers and a knife, stuck in an army belt, and around his waist was also a red silk sash.

The face of the man was nearly hidden by an enormous black beard, and an abundance of long, dark hair, that fell to his shoulders; but the forehead was bold, the nose straight, and the eyes peculiarly expressive and fiery.

Such was Malo, the Mexican, the renegade chief, a man of whom nothing was known as to his former life, and who had turned up a number of years before upon the frontier, coming from none knew where, and had soon won for himself a reputation for cruelty of which an Indian warrior might have been proud.

Entering the cabin, he tapped lightly at the door of May's room, and was bidden to come in.

Bowing with politeness, and advancing with a graceful manner that surprised the maiden, in one of such a character, for she had expected to see a ferocious ruffian, he said, in a strangely pleasant voice:

"Miss Dunham, the fortunes, or rather, to you, the misfortunes of border life, have made you my guest; I trust you have received every attention and respect."

"Of that I will not complain, sir, since I have been beneath your roof. The disrespect shown me was in tearing me from my home and friends."

"Miss Dunham, I regret exceedingly to have had to use force with you; but it was necessary; my intentions regarding you I will not now state, as a conversation held with Major Ray places affairs in a new light."

"And that is——"

"Simply, he has often done me a service, Miss Dunham—in fact, an act of his saved my life, and I cannot do otherwise now than to release you with him, as he informs me you are his promised wife."

Surprise at the assertion of Major Ray overcame May's foresight at his reason for saying so, and, while the hot blood rushed into her face, she replied:

"Major Ray had no right to tell you so, for I am not his promised wife."

"This alters the case; then you will have to become the mistress of my humble forest home."

Anger kept May from fainting away, and for a moment she believed her heart would break; but recovering herself, she said, in a tone of deep imploring:

"Surely you could not be guilty of so foul a crime!"

"You will either have to marry Major Ray here

this day—for I boast a priest among my devilish crew of cutthroats—or he shall be released, and you will remain as my prize in the lottery of matrimony, and ten to one I will get a shrew to tame."

The look May Dunham bent upon the man before her was one of commingled contempt and dread, while she said:

"Does Major Ray know the terms you offer me?"

"He does not."

"Then my answer is, that ere I become your wife I would take my own life!"

"May Dunham, I have sought you by fair means, and I failed; I have begged for your love as a hound whines for a caress from his master's hand, and you have spurned my love."

"Now, I will trifle no longer, for I have sworn you shall be mine, and I never break an oath where it suits me to keep one."

"Now, May Dunham, proud and penniless beauty, behold the renegade chief, Malo, in his true character of Roger Harold, your rejected suitor of years ago."

The huge hat was removed, the wig of long, curling hair, and heavy beard, were torn away, and the handsome face was indeed revealed.

With a cry of horror May staggered backward, and gazed upon the exulting, cruel countenance before her, no longer wearing its mask of honor and dignity.

"You, Roger Harold, are Malo, the renegade chief?" whispered May.

"Ay, May Dunham, I am Malo, called the Mexican, and well has the disguise served me, for here in this forest fastness I have kept a band of outlaws, who have enriched me."

"Before the world's eye I am an honest man living upon the order of the savage country, while secretly

I am the chief of a band of reckless devils, whom I lead upon some raid every now and then, and leave them to look after themselves when duty calls me, where to none do I have to account for my numerous absences.

"Yes, I was Malo, the renegade, when I sought your hand in the States, and had you become my wife, I would have retired from my nefarious life; but you discarded my love, and I still enjoyed the deep game I was playing too much ever to give it up.

"When poverty overtook you, and you followed the Star of Empire, you came into the lion's den, though I did not then know that your family was with the train of emigrants I attacked.

"Now you know me, and shall know that I laid the plan to get you into my power that day did you refuse my love.

"I succeeded, and I now say, if you will become my wife I will relinquish my evil life, and leave this blood-stained country; if you refuse, and mark my words, May Dunham, I will force you to remain here as my wife.

"You have two days to consider my proposal."

So saying, the renegade resumed his disguise and strode from the room, leaving poor May almost dazed by what she had heard, and in a perfect stupor of terror.

## CHAPTER LXXXII.

### BUFFALO BILL'S STRATEGY.

When the morning broke in the forest, where the scout and Big Thunder were encamped, they arose, refreshed by their sleep, and after eating a substantial meal, quietly took their way toward the trail leading to the renegade fort.

Here they secreted themselves, and patiently awaited for perhaps three hours, when an Indian horseman was seen approaching, and as he drew near the ambushed scout carefully took his long lariat from his saddle, and with a quick and dexterous movement sent it over the shoulders of the surprised and frightened Indian, who was jerked from his saddle to the ground, while Big Thunder rushed forth and seized his horse ere he could dash away.

Quickly the Indian was borne back from the trail into the deepest recesses of the woods, and sitting opposite to him Buffalo Bill said, speaking in the Sioux tongue, for the prisoner belonged to that tribe:

"Now tell me all you know about Malo, the Mexican, and his stronghold."

"The Red Arrow is a great chief; he betrays not his friends," proudly replied the Indian.

"You are a great liar and villain; but you are not talking to a child, but to one who knows all your cunning, and I swear, by the Great Manitou of your nation, that I will paint your cheeks black, tear your scalp from your head, and send you to your people as a squaw, for a warrior without a scalp would be laughed at, and in the happy hunting grounds the Manitou would believe him a pappoose."

The face of the Indian turned an ashen hue, and a look of terror came into his eyes, for well he knew the ignominy of a scalpless brave, and to save himself from shame, he said, sullenly:

"What would the white chief know?"

"Has Malo not lately taken a maiden captive, and a great white warrior, from the settlement at Sunset Valley?"

The Indian gave a nod of assent.

"How many renegades are there in the stockade?"

After a moment the chief replied by holding up his hands several times, to denote thirty.

"How many Dog Soldiers?"

A like number of fingers were held up as before.

"How many other Indians, Sioux and Loupes, are there?"

The prisoner explained, and the scout replied:

"Good! He has a few men less than a hundred—more than I expected."

"Now, my redskinned devil, when you wish to return into the stockade—say by night—how do you do so?"

"Me ride horse," said the cunning savage, speaking for the first time in fair English.

"None of your native wit, sir, or it may sharpen my scalping-knife."

"How do you approach the stockade?"

"Me give bark of cayote; den me give note of night bird; den me whistle."

"Good! Then you can ride up to the stockade?"

"Yes."

"Then what do you say to get the gate open?"

"Me do so," and the Indian struck three raps upon the trunk of a tree with his fist.

"Now, my forest child, I am going to tie you, and if you have deceived me, look out for squalls."

"Me chief; me tongue no crooked."

"No, you are a virtuous missionary, in your own estimation, and the paleface scalps you have at your belt you would try and make me believe you purchased for a hair switch for your wife, when you visited the Great Father at Washington; anyhow, I will tie you here until my return."

Leaving the Indian securely bound and gagged, the scout again returned to his ambuscade, and ere very long three horsemen were seen approaching, whose appearance proved they were whites.

"Big Thunder, two of those fellows we must take alive, so you draw your arrow upon the nearest one,

and I will lasso the one on the off side, and ere the man in the center can escape, we will be upon him."

"Chief wise; me do as he say," quietly responded Big Thunder, getting his bow and arrow in readiness.

Presently the three horsemen were nearly abreast of the spot, little suspecting danger so near their stockade, and laughing and chatting away as though no crimes disturbed them.

A whiz, a whir, and lariat and arrow sped forward, the former settling firmly around the horseman farthest off, and the latter seeking the heart of the renegade nearest.

Ere the startled man in the center could turn, two forms darted from the thick timber, and he was seized, and with his lassoed companions securely bound.

"Big Thunder, look after that dead body, and follow with the horses; I will take care of these worthies," said Buffalo Bill, driving the two prisoners before him, while the chief modestly scalped the man he had slain, and then obeyed.

Having conducted the captives back into the forest, and tied one to a tree, the scout led the other some distance aside, and when Big Thunder came up the man really believed his last hour had come, and was blanched with fright.

"You are a Catholic, I believe?" said the scout, glancing into his Irish face.

"Yis, yer riverence—I mane yer honor. Oh, the howly Moses, what is it yez after being?"

"I am one who would like to have you die with a chance to confess to a priest all your crimes, that you may get absolution; if you tell me the truth, you will have that opportunity ere you shuffle off this mortal coil; if you tell me a lie, I will kill you without mercy, and the devil will get your soul."

"Mither of Moses! but it's mesilf that is to have a hard time! Ochone! what will my poor dead mither say when she hears her darlint boy is become a pet of the devil?"

"Stop your parley, sir, and tell me the truth."

"I'll tell yer the truth, or a lie, jist as yer honor plases."

"Tell me the truth and you may die like a Christian; lie to me, and you shall die like a dog."

"But how is yer honor to know whither I tell the truth or a lie?"

"I shall keep you a prisoner until I find out."

"The Lord love you, and the devil avoid you, Tad-die Mulligan, but it's yersilf has got to be after spak-ing the truth this time, if yez niver did sich a blessid thing afore in all yer life."

In a most melancholy strain the son of Erin had spoken, and his ludicrous face greatly amused the scout, and even Big Thunder smiled.

Then the scout proceeded to ask the same questions he had put to the Indian, and the answers were in substance about the same, excepting the Irish-man said there were fully a hundred and fifty men belonging to the band.

Binding and gagging him securely, Big Thunder then carried him to where the Indian lay, and the third prisoner came in for his share of catechism.

This worthy was also a foreign American, for he was a good-looking young German, who spoke English with a ludicrous accent.

"You are a renegade, sir!" sternly commenced the scout.

"And vat is dat?"

"Now, look here, my friend, your ignorance will be sharpened soon, so answer me. You belong to Malo's band?"

"Yah!"

"You are a deserter from the army, also?"

"Mine Got in Himmel! vat! you tinks I be so wicked as dat?"

"You are a deserter, sir, and if you tell me a lie, I'll send you to the fort, where you will be shot. Tell me the truth, and you shall have the same chance for life as your fellow thieves."

"Mine Got, vot a beeble! I go mit myself back to de Faderland, for I don't like dis America."

"It would have been better for you had you stayed in the Faderland; but before you leave I have something to say about it."

Then Buffalo Bill learned from the surprised German all he would know.

It was the same as he had before heard.

Slowly the day passed away, and shortly after nightfall a long line of silent horsemen rode along the trail, and were halted by a low order of the waiting scout.

They were the soldiers, settlers and Pawnees whom White Trailer, Red Hound and Captain Dun-ham had collected for the attack upon the renegade stockade.

When the horsemen rode up the scout rapidly scanned them, and collecting his three prisoners and their horses, they dashed on to a point but half a mile distant from the stockade.

Here all came to a halt, and, dividing the forces into three Indian-file columns, with the Pawnees forming one line, the soldiers another, and the set-tlers the third, respectively under the leadership of a chief, an army officer from the fort, and Captain Dun-ham, Buffalo Bill then mounted Satan, which Pompey had brought him, and accompanied by Lone Dick, Big Thunder, Red Hound and Black Lion, slowly rode toward the stockade.

The separate signals, spoken of by the captives,

were then minutely given, and the party advanced in the darkness to the heavy gateway.

The three raps were given, the heavy door swung open, and with a bound of his horse, Buffalo Bill was in the enclosure, while a shot from his pistol laid the sentinel dead.

Instantly he was followed by his four companions, who rallied round the gateway, and loud and thrilling were their warcries, while the thundering charge of the attacking party, added to the warwhoops of the Pawnees, the cries of the settlers, and cheers of the cavalry, made it seem like a torrent of devils turned loose.

The shot and the warcry of the scout had aroused the sleeping renegades, and they rushed from their cabins, arms in hand, little dreaming that the enemy was within the enclosure.

Rapidly the daring little quintette who held the gate undeviated them, and fifty men rushed upon the brave invaders to beat them back.

But they met men of iron nerve and deadly eye, and a terrific hand-to-hand fight ensued, Buffalo Bill pouring a circle of fire around him with his rapidly-discharging revolvers, and Satan viciously pawing all before him.

Big Thunder wielded with giant arm his terrible battle-ax, and Red Hound sunk his tomahawk into all who resisted him.

The Black Lion was proving himself worthy of his name, and Lone Dick kept up a rapid accompaniment with his revolvers to the firing of the scout.

Then through the gateway poured the attacking horsemen, and the fight became general, the renegades defending themselves with terrible determination.

One small band of the defenders, headed by their leader, firmly disputed the path, and pressed back

their opponents, until the scout beheld Malo, the Mexican.

With a cry for aid, which his three immediate companions well knew, he rode toward the spot.

The Black Lion, Big Thunder and Red Hound supported him, and, like an irresistible torrent, they swept into the renegades' ranks, scattering and trampling them down.

Malo sprang back upon the balcony of his cabin, and with a knife in one hand and a revolver in the other, barred the way.

With a thrilling cry the scout sprang to the ground, and rushed upon him with drawn knife.

"Down with your revolver, coward, and meet me blade to blade!" cried Buffalo Bill, and the glittering knives clashed together; there was a circle of light, from which golden sparks flew, and Malo was hurled back, and the scout drove his knife into his broad bosom, with a crunching sound, which, if once heard, will never be forgotten.

A shriek of agony, and Malo, the renegade chief, was dead.

Gradually the sound of battle-revelry died away, and ere long the stockade fort was won, though many a slaughtered renegade lay round, to prove how gallant had been the defense.

### CHAPTER LXXXIII.

ALL'S WELL.

The morning sun arose brightly, to light up the scene where carnage had reigned supreme.

The dead had all been carried away, the few prisoners taken were confined in an outer cabin, and the wounded were being carefully attended to, while the victorious conquerors were reveling in the spoils of victory with which the place abounded.

Among the slain were several settlers, a few soldiers, and a number of Pawnees; but a sad blow had come upon the small party of Buffalo Bill's home, for Big Thunder had fallen, after proving himself a giant in battle, and in defense of his father's scalp the brave Red Hound had died at the hands of the Dog Soldier Sioux.

Thus had passed away the last of a once mighty race, driven by the whites from the camp-ground and graves of their grandfathers, to, in the end, fall bravely, fighting for the palefaces who had injured them.

But, then, in boyhood the scout and Red Hound were friends, and Big Thunder had ever found a home in the cabin of the paleface companion of his son, for he had no tribe or people of his own, and when the scout became a prairie-rover the father and son had willingly joined him.

In a room of the cabin of Malo a small group had gathered, consisting of Buffalo Bill, Major Ralph Ray, Captain Dunham and May, whose face, though pale, was joyous over her release.

"Mr. Cody," said May Dunham, earnestly, "I know you now, and that a second time I owe my life to you."

"Do not speak of it, Miss Dunham," modestly said the scout.

"And I owe my life to you, Cody, for that man was no Mexican, but an old foe and rival of mine by the name of Roger Harold, and he frankly told me that he intended to hang me and marry Miss Dunham; so you see the splendid work you did."

"And Mr. Cody, I wish to ask you to let me take Lucy, the negress, with me, for she was kind to me here, and a captive besides," requested May Dunham.

"Certainly, Miss Dunham, for I was going to ask

you and your father to take old Aunt Dinah, for now my retreat is broken up, and Pompey will also go to the settlement."

"We will be glad to have them both with us," said Captain Dunham, while May added:

"And Dancing Star is to live in the valley settlement, for I believe that Lone Dick has asked her to be his wife."

"Good! Dick is a fine fellow, and Dancing Star will make him a good wife," said Cody.

"And I shall make a small military post of this outlaw retreat, and thus have another check on the Sioux," said Major Ray.

\* \* \* \* \*

Time passed away after the capture of the renegade fort, and brought many changes upon the frontier homes.

Many cabins dotted the valley, hillside and banks of Sunset Valley, and the valley was smiling with ripening crops.

Upon a pleasant, moonlit autumn evening the settlement was joyous over a wedding, for Major Ray was to lead to the altar the beautiful May Dunham.

A scene of darkness was then to follow, for Pompey, the roaring Black Lion of the hills, had persuaded Lucy, once the captive servant of the outlaw chief, to become the "lion's share" of himself.

It was a joyous wedding party, and none present for one moment regretted that they were settlers on the frontier, notwithstanding the perils and adventures of a life on the border, and never has Mrs. Ray had cause to regret the hour when she was rescued from a watery grave at Long Branch and from the power of the "Terror of the Plains" by Buffalo Bill.

TO BE CONTINUED.

# LOOK AT THIS, BOYS!

---

## 19 PRIZES. || ANECDOTE PRIZE CONTEST || 19 PRIZES

### WHO HAS HAD THE MOST EXCITING EXPERIENCE?

THAT'S the idea, boys. You have all had some narrow escapes, some dangerous adventures in your lives! Perhaps it was the capsizing of a boat, or the scaling of a cliff, or a close shave in a burning building, or something else equally thrilling.

#### WRITE IT UP JUST AS IT HAPPENED.

We offer a handsome Prize for the most exciting and best written anecdote sent us by any reader of BUFFALO BILL WEEKLY. The incident, of course, must relate to something that has happened to the writer himself, and it must also be strictly true.

It makes no difference how short the articles are, but no contribution must be longer than 500 words.

### HERE ARE THE PRIZES!

---

#### TWO FIRST PRIZES.

For Two Most Exciting and Best Written Anecdotes.

Two first-class Spalding Standard Athletic Sweaters. Made of the finest Australian lambs' wool, exceedingly soft. Full fashioned to body and arms, and without seams of any kind. Colors: White Navy Blue, Black and Maroon.

#### TWO SECOND PRIZES.

For Two Second Best Anecdotes.

Two pairs of Raymond's All Clamp Ball Bearing Roller Skates. Bearings of the finest tempered steel, with 128 steel balls. For speed no skate has ever approached it.

#### FIVE THIRD PRIZES.

For Five Next Best Anecdotes.

Five pairs of Winslow's Speed Extension Ice Skates, with extension foot plates. These skates have detachable welded steel racing runners, also an extra set of short runners for fancy skating.

#### FOR NEXT TEN BEST ANECDOTES.

A Spalding 12 inch "Long Distance" Megaphone. Made of fire board, capable of carrying the sound of a human voice one mile, and in some instances, two miles. More fun than a barrel of monkeys.

The contest will continue until Dec. 1st, next.

Send in your anecdotes at once, boys. We are going to publish all of the best ones during the progress of the contest.

We will have to reserve to ourselves the right of judging which anecdote has the most merit, but our readers know that they may depend upon Street & Smith and on their absolute fairness and justice in conducting contests. This one will be no exception to the rule.

#### REMEMBER!

Whether your contribution wins a prize or not, it stands a good chance of being published together with the name of the writer.

To become a contestant for these prizes, cut out the *Anecdote Contest Coupon*, printed herewith, fill it out properly, and send it to BUFFALO BILL WEEKLY, care of Street & Smith, 238 William St., New York City, together with your anecdote. No anecdote will be considered that does not have this coupon accompanying it.

#### COUPON.

"BUFFALO BILL WEEKLY" ANECDOTE CONTEST.

PRIZE CONTEST NO. 1.

Date..... 1901

Name.....

City or town.....

State.....

Title of Anecdote .....

# PRIZE ANECDOTE DEPARTMENT.

During the progress of the Anecdote Prize Contest this space will be devoted to the publication of the best anecdotes sent in by the contestants.

Here are some of those received this week. They are coming in with a rush, so hurry up, boys, and get yours in early.

## His Life Saved By a Flea.

(By Thomas Bannon, Bellows Falls, Vt.)

One day this summer I was taking a tramp out in the country, when suddenly it came on to rain. Looking out for a shelter, my eyes fell upon a barn, with the door wide open, perhaps half-a-mile away. I started on a run for the barn, and reached it just as the rain came down in torrents. I had one foot on the barn floor, and was just about to enter, when a great dog with glaring eyeballs and red tongue, rushed toward me, with an awful growl. I could feel his hot breath in my face. In another instant his cruel teeth would have been in my throat. I could actually feel his slobber on my neck. But in the nick of time, he turned, wrathfully, to bite his own flank. I saw the whole thing as by inspiration. A flea had distracted his attention from the business in hand.

I always was quick at resources. When the dog went for the flea I stepped back, shut the door, with a crash, and I was saved. I was saved by that flea, and as I have said before, the flea which you would have slain may be the identical insect to whom I owe everything.

A friend to whom I told this story the other day said nothing for the space of two minutes. Then he looked at me in an admiring manner, and delivered himself, as follows:

"Yes, Tom, it would have been too bad for the world to lose such a beautiful liar as you are."

## A Frog Hunt.

(By Southard Mayer, 15 years old, Mifflintown, Pa.)

One morning, in the latter part of June, at about seven o'clock, Wilson Warner and myself started on our bicycles to Jericho Dam, about eight miles from Mifflintown, after frogs. We reached our destination about half-past eight. We concealed our bicycles and then got our hooks ready. We fastened three hooks together and then tied the line to a pole. The first time we went up and down the dam we did not get a frog. We did this about three times before dinner and got six frogs. We then ate our lunch and rested for about half-an-hour. We had started in again, and were up at the other end of the dam when we saw two frogs jump in, and the boy I was

with waded out into the water a little and reached into the mud and came out with two frogs. When we had thirteen frogs we were walking, and all at once we heard a noise and looking around we saw a snake. We got around it and killed it, then we found out it was a rattlesnake, and was about two feet eleven inches long and contained about twelve rattles. If we had not turned when we did it would probably have bitten us.

## My Adventure with a Ghost.

(By Robert E. Holley, 15 years old, St. Louis, Mo.)

One evening in the latter part of October, my brother Edward, myself and a friend, William Dillon, were seated around a fire in an old fireplace in a field near our house, and my brother suggested that as the days were growing cooler and the rabbit season had begun we ought to go on a camping-out and hunting trip. He said that he had heard the rabbits and other game were abundant in a woods a few miles distant, and that we could meet the following Saturday evening and go out for a few days.

Well, we were at the appointed place the following Saturday with the tent and provisions, and reached the camping-grounds about dusk. It was a lonesome and deserted-looking spot, and the cry of the screech owl made the place feel more weird. We pitched the tent and gathered wood for a fire, and soon had a merry blaze agog; then we divided the watch into three equal parts, my brother taking first, myself the second, and Will the last.

My brother looked to his rifle and pistol and then took a position in the shadow of a large oak tree, where he could watch the camp and get a good view of the surrounding woods. As Will and myself had no desire to remain awake longer, we both rolled up in our blankets and lay down near the fire, and were soon lost in a peaceful slumber.

At midnight my brother awoke me to relieve him as guard, and he lay down. It was not long before the sounds coming from that direction convinced me that he was asleep. It was now past midnight, and the cry of the night bird made me think of the ghost stories and the *BUFFALO BILL WEEKLIES* I had read, and I began to

## THE BUFFALO BILL STORIES.

feel pretty shaky, so I decided to walk around the camp in a wide circle so as not to disturb my companions.

I had just turned around when I suddenly stopped, stood still and dropped my gun, for right in front of me and coming straight toward me was a tall form in white. I did not think to awake my companions, so I turned and ran as I never did before until I reached the edge of the woods, and when I looked behind me there was the ghost following as swiftly and silently as a shadow. I started across the field leading to the yard when I tripped and fell. I arose a little dazed and looked around me, expecting to see the ghost when I heard a familiar neigh. I looked back and there was our old white mule that had broken loose and had followed us out to our camp, and when he saw me running for home, he, of course, set out after me.

Well, that was the first and last experience I ever had with a ghost, and I don't care to have another one.

### The Escape from the Train.

(By A. Gutschmidt, 16 years old, West Hoboken, N. J.)

One day three boys and I went down to the Hudson River to learn how to swim. Afterward we were playing among the rocks, and catching fish and crabs. We went away from the rocks, and we had to go under freight cars. They were all across except me, and I was in under a freight car when the train began to move. I had the can of fish. The bottom part of the car hid my head, and I bent low so that I would not get hit by the car again. That car passed and the freight cars were going a little fast, but I rolled from under the second car out on the ground. The other boys all thought I had been killed. Then we walked around toward the turn, when another train came, but we happened to see it, and quickly got out of the way, for we would have got killed then surely.

### An Exciting Runaway.

(By James Hamil, 15 years old, Richmond, Mo.)

I would like to tell you of an experience I once had. I am now fifteen years old, have read every number of the Buffalo Bill series, and would like awfully well to have one of your prizes, but I don't know whether I will or not. I hitched up our horse to our phæton and started to drive. I was coming home and driving the horse pretty fast, and all at once he kicked and broke the dashboard. Then he kicked me on the arm, very nearly breaking it, and missed my head by about an inch. If he had hit me it would have killed me. Then he started to run, and I tried to hold him, but it was no use. He ran just as hard as he could, slinging the buggy from one side to the other. Then I lost the

lines, and he went at his will. He kept on running and slinging the buggy, turning it half-way over many times till at last in a lunge I was thrown out. I went about twenty feet in the air, and I hit on my head, but I lived, though I was severely hurt. Just a little while after I was thrown out, the horse ran the buggy off a high bridge, and he dashed on and it took four or five men to hold him. If I had been in the buggy when it ran off the bridge it would have killed me sure.

### A Rough Ride.

(By Eddie Maurer, Lincoln, Ill.)

I am very fond of hunting, and one day last winter succeeded in capturing a young 'possum, which soon became my pet.

My brother Freddie and I rode our pony nearly every day, and one day I thought of something. It was this: We were going to give the pet 'possum a ride, which we thought would be fun. We had all the fun we wanted in a little bit, for as soon as the 'possum was on the pony, he (the pony) made a jump and then away he went like the wind, and began bucking, rearing and doing everything in his power to get his riders off.

At last Fredy, who was behind me, was bucked off. I began to wonder what made the pony start out so suddenly and run so fast and try to buck us off.

A little noise in front of me made me look at the 'possum, then I saw what made the pony act so wild; it was this, the 'possum had its claws in the pony's hide.

I tried to pull it off, but I could not, so I gave it a sweeping blow with my fist which knocked the unwelcome passenger off.

I stopped the pony soon afterward, but it was a narrow escape for my brother.

### Fell Into the Water Tank.

(By Fred Reitze, Fort Wayne, Indiana.)

One day I was standing beside a large water tank near our house and looking down saw a dead sparrow floating on the water. I stooped to pick it up and lost my balance and fell into the tank. The water came up to my chin, and the top of the tank was three feet above my head. The water was running in constantly and I could see that it was usually a foot higher than at present. Unless I got out soon, or turned off the water, I should be drowned. I shouted for help till I was hoarse, but could make no one hear, and to get out without help was an impossibility. I held my hand over the pipe where the water ran in, but it was hard work, and in spite of my best efforts the water continued to rise. Not a drop seemed to be drawn off below. Finally I drew

out my pocket knife, and went to work to cut a hole in the side of the tank as low down as I could reach and still keep my head above water. It was slow work cutting through that thick, water-soaked pine, and when at last I succeeded I was standing on tiptoe with just my nose out of water, and every blade in my knife broken. I was safe from drowning for a while, for the water soon ran off level with the hole I had made. But even now, if I was to get out of the tank I must have help, so I proceeded to raise a signal. I pulled off my shirt, tore it into strings, tied my lead pencil to my knife and both to the toe of one of my shoes, and then putting my undershirt on the pencil, waved it slowly and laboriously over the top of the tank. I waved for hours, and still nobody came. Then it occurred to me to dive down and stop up the pipe leading from the tank and so attract attention. It wasn't half-an-hour before people came up to see why the water would not run, and I was helped out after I had been standing in the cold water over six hours.

### One of Those Rides You Read About.

(By Henderson Orear, Marshall, Mo.)

It was while I was visiting in Kansas that I had this awful experience. My two cousins got up a camping expedition about ten miles from home.

The first day all went well, but on the morning of the second I had to get up in a tree to get some branches to use in thatching. I was about to descend when a puff of wind came and then a roar and a cyclone was on. The tree blew into the Neosha with me holding on like death.

I became semi-conscious and only had sense enough to hold on. I do not know how long I stayed this way, but all at once the tree gave a lurch with which I gained complete control of myself. I looked around and saw that a large standpipe had blown across the river. Then I saw that I was at home in Oswego! You may bet your fortune that I was glad. I crawled out on the pipe and, a little benumbed, reached home safely, little the worse for my dangerous ride. The other boys lost their tent, but reached home thinking I had been lost, but thanks to my unusual good luck I was at home.

### A Risk of Life.

(By George J. Dietrich, 15 years old, New York City.)

One morning about two months ago, I and my friend went up to the freight yard at Seventy-second street and got on a freight train by the name of Harlem. And as one who gets caught on that freight would get thrown off, so I rode the rods right over the wheels, while the

other fellow rode the bunkers. The Harlem only goes up to Spuyten Duyvil Creek, and about half-a-mile away from there I got ready to get off, but somehow I slipped and fell. I fell on my side, and I got hit with the other car. I lay flat and when the last car passed I got up, and was so weak that I was not able to stand from fright. My friend did not know where I was. He stayed on until the train stopped, so I ran across the bridge to see if I could see my friend, and a policeman came toward me. I ran back and the bridgeman stopped me. I stood still and the policeman took me along. We walked along the road about ten blocks, when my friend came along. The policeman called him and he started to run, then I called him by his name, and said that the policeman was not going to do anything, so he came over and the policeman told us to walk along the road, and he would let us go. When we came about half-a-block away from the station house the policeman arrested us and took us inside. In the morning we got taken up to the Harlem Court. The judge asked us what we did and we told him that we were up for a ride, and he asked us if we wanted to get our legs or arms taken off. Then he said, "You boys are discharged."

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## No. 6.—David Crockett.

(Continued from Last Week.)

My first school-days were spent in a school kept by Benjamin Kitchen.

I went four days, and had just began to learn my letters a little, when I had an unfortunate falling out with one of the scholars—a boy much larger and older than myself. I knew well enough that though the schoolhouse might do for a still hunt, it wouldn't do for a drive, and so I concluded to wait until I could get him out, and then I was determined to give him salt and vinegar. I waited till the evening, and when the larger scholars were spelling I slipped out, and going some distance along his road, I lay by the wayside in the bushes, waiting for him to come along. After a while, he and his company came on sure enough, and I pitched out from the bushes and set on him like a wildcat. I scratched his face all to a flitter jig, and soon made him cry out for quarters in good earnest. The fight being over, I went on home, and the next morning was started again to school; but do you think I went? No, indeed. I was very clear of it; for I expected the master would lick me up as bad as I had the boy. So, instead of going to the schoolhouse, I laid out in the woods all day until in the evening the scholars were dismissed, and my brothers, who were also going to school, came along, returning home. I wanted to conceal this whole business from my father, and I persuaded them not to tell on me, which they agreed to.

Things went on in this way for several days; I starting with them to school in the morning, and returning with them in the evening, but lying out in the woods all day. At last, however, the master wrote a note to my father, inquiring why I was not sent to school. When he read this note he called me up, and I knew very well that I was in a devil of a hobble, for my father had been taking a few horns, and was in a good condition to make the fur fly. He called on me to know why I had not been to school. I told him I was afraid to go, and that the master would whip me, for I knew quite well if I was turned over to this old Kitchen I should

be cooked up to a cracklin' in little or no time. But I soon found that I was not to expect a much better fate at home; for my father told me, in a very angry manner that he would whip me an eternal sight worse than the master if I didn't start immediately to the school. I tried again to beg off, but nothing would do but to go to the school. Finding me rather too slow about starting, he gathered about a two-year-old hickory, and broke after me. I put out with all my might, and soon we were both up to the top of our speed. We had a tolerable tough race for about a mile; but mind me, not on the schoolhouse road, for I was trying to get as far the t'other way as possible. And I yet believe, if my father and the schoolmaster could both have levied on me about that time, I should never have been called on to sit in the councils of the nation, for I think they would have used me up. But fortunately for me, about this time I saw just before me a hill, over which I made headway, like a young steamboat. As soon as I had passed over it I turned to one side and hid myself in the bushes. Here I waited until the old gentleman passed by, puffing and blowing, as though his steam was high enough to burst his boilers. I waited until he gave up the hunt, and passed back again; I then cut out, and went to the house of an acquaintance, a few miles off, who was just about to start with a drove. His name was Jesse Cheek, and I hired myself to go with him, determining not to return home, as home and the schoolhouse had both become too hot for me. I had an elder brother, who also hired to go with the same drove. We set out and went on through Abbingdon, and the county seat of Withe County, in the State of Virginia; and then through Lynchburg, by Orange court-house, and Charlottesville, passing through what was called Chester Gap, on to a town called Front Royal, where my employer sold out his drove to a man by the name of Vanmetre and I was started homeward again, in company with a brother of the first owner of the drove, with one horse between us; having left my brother to come on with the balance of the company.

I traveled on with my new comrade about three days' journey; but much to his discredit, as I then thought, and still think, he took care all the time to ride, but never to tie; at last I told him to go ahead, and I would come when I got ready. He gave me four dollars to bear

my expenses upward of four hundred miles, and then cut out and left me.

I purchased some provisions, and went on slowly, until at length I fell in with a wagoner, with whom I was disposed to scrape up a hasty acquaintance. I inquired where he lived, and where he was going, and all about his affairs. He informed me that he lived in Greenville, Tennessee, and was on his way to a place called Gerardstown, fifteen miles below Winchester. He also said that after he should make his journey to that place, he would immediately return to Tennessee. His name was Adam Myers, and a jolly good fellow he seemed to be. On a little reflection, I determined to turn back and go with him, which I did; and we journeyed on slowly, as wagons commonly do, but merrily enough. I often thought of home, and, indeed, wished bad enough to be there; but, when I thought of the schoolhouse, and Kitchen, my master, and the race with my father, and the big hickory he carried, and of the fierceness of the storm of wrath that I had left him in, I was afraid to venture back; for I knew my father's nature so well, that I was certain his anger would hang on to him like a turtle does to a fisherman's toe, and that if I went back in a hurry, he would give me the devil in three or four ways. But I and the wagoner had traveled two days when we met my brother, who, I before stated, I had left behind when the drove was sold out. He persuaded me to go home, but I refused. He pressed me hard, and brought up a great many mighty strong arguments to induce me to turn back again. He pictured the pleasure of meeting my mother, and my sisters, who all loved me dearly, and told me what uneasiness they had already suffered about me. I could not help shedding tears, which I did not often do, and my affections all pointed back to those dearest friends, and as I thought, nearly the only ones I had in the world; but then the promised whipping—that was the thing. It came right slap down on every thought of home, and I finally determined that make or break, hit or miss, I would just hang on to my journey, and go ahead with the wagoner. My brother was much grieved at our parting, but he went his way, and so did I. We went on until at last we got to Gerardstown, where the wagoner tried to get a back load, but he could not without going to Alexandria. He engaged to go there, and I concluded that I would wait until he returned. I set in to work for a man by the name of John Gray, at twenty-five cents per day. My labor, however, was light, such as ploughing in some small grain, in which I succeeded in pleasing the old man very well. I continued working for him until the wagoner got back, and for a good long time afterward, as he continued to run his team back and forward, hauling to and from Baltimore. In the next spring, from the proceeds of my daily labor, small as it was, I was able to get me some decent clothes, and concluded I would make a trip with the wagoner to Baltimore, and see what sort of a place that was, and what sort of folks lived there. I gave him the balance of what money I had for safekeeping, which, as well as I recollect, was about seven dollars. We got on well enough until we came near Ellicott's Mills. Our load consisted of flour in barrels. Here I got into the wagon for the purpose of changing my clothing, not thinking that I was in any danger; but, while I was in there, we were met by some wheel-

barrow men, who were working on the road, and the horses took a scare and away they went, like they had seen a ghost. They made a sudden wheel around, and broke the wagon tongue, slap off, short as a pipestem; and snap went both of the axletrees at the same time, and of all devilish flouncing about of flour barrels that ever was seen, I reckon this took the beat. Even a rat would have stood a bad chance in a straight race among them, and not much better in a crooked one; for he would have been in a good way to be ground up as fine as ginger by their rolling over him. But this proved to me, that if a fellow is born to be hung he will never be drowned; and, further, that if he is born for a seat in Congress, even flour barrels can't make a mash of him. All these dangers I escaped unhurt, though, like most of the office-holders of these times, for a while I was afraid to say my soul was my own; for I didn't know how soon I should be knocked into a cocked hat, and get my walking papers for another country.

We put our load into another wagon, and hauled ours to a workman's shop in Baltimore, having delivered the flour, and there we intended to remain two or three days, which time was necessary to repair the runaway wagon. While I was there, I went one day down to the wharf, and was much delighted to see the big ships, and their sails all flying, for I had never seen such things before, and, indeed, I didn't believe there were any such things in all nature. After a short time, my curiosity induced me to step aboard of one, where I was met by the captain, who asked me if I didn't wish to take a voyage to London? I told him I did, for by this time I had become pretty well weaned from home, and I cared but little where I was, or where I went, or what became of me. He said he wanted just such a boy as I was, which I was glad to hear. I told him I would go and get my clothes and go with him. He inquired about my parents, where they lived, and all about them. I let him know that they lived in Tennessee, many hundred miles off. We soon agreed about my intended voyage, and I went back to my friend, the wagoner, and informed him that I was going to London, and wanted my money and my clothes. He refused to let me have either, and swore that he would confine me, and take me back to Tennessee. I took it to heart very much, but he kept so close and constant watch over me, that I found it impossible to escape from him until he had started homeward, and made several days' journey on the road. He was, during this time, very ill to me, and threatened me with his wagon whip on several occasions. At length I resolved to leave him at all hazards; and so, before day, one morning I got my clothes out of his wagon and cut out, on foot, without a farthing of money to bear my expenses. For, all other friends having failed, I determined then to throw myself on Providence, and see how that would use me. I had gone, however, only a few miles, when I came up with another wagoner, and such was my situation that I felt more than ever the necessity of endeavoring to find a friend. I therefore concluded I would seek for one in him. He was going westwardly and very kindly inquired of me where I was traveling? My youthful resolution, which had brooked almost everything else, rather gave way at this inquiry, for it brought the loneliness of my situation, and everything else that was calculated to oppress me, directly to view.

## THE BUFFALO BILL STORIES.

My first answer to his questions was in a sprinkle of tears, for if the world had been given to me, I could not, at that moment have helped crying. As soon as the storm of feeling was over, I told him how I had been treated by the wagoner but a little before, who kept what little money I had, and left me without a copper to buy even a morsel of food.

He became exceedingly angry, and swore that he would make the other wagoner give up my money, pronouncing him a scoundrel and many other hard names.

I told him I was afraid to see him, for he had threatened me with his wagon whip, and I believed he would injure me. But my new friend was a very large, stout-looking man, and as resolute as a tiger. He bid me not to be afraid, still swearing he would have my money or whip it out of the wretch who had it.

We turned and went back about two miles, when we reached the place where he was. I went reluctantly; but I depended on my friend for protection. When we got there I had but little to say; but, approaching the wagoner, my friend said to him, "You damn'd rascal, you have treated this boy badly." To which he replied it was my fault. He was then asked if he did not get seven dollars of my money, which he confessed. It was then demanded of him; but he declared most solemnly that he had not that amount in the world; that he had spent my money, and intended paying it back to me when we got to Tennessee. I then felt reconciled, and persuaded my friend to let him alone, and we returned to his wagon, geared up and started. His name I shall never forget while my memory lasts; it was Henry Myers. He lived in Pennsylvania, and I found him what he professed to be, a faithful friend, and a clever fellow.

We traveled together for several days; but at length I concluded to endeavor to make my way homeward; and for that purpose, set out again on foot, and alone. But one thing I must not omit. The last night I stayed with Mr. Myers was at a place where several wagoners also stayed. He told them before we parted, that I was a poor little straggling boy, and how I had been treated, and that I was without money, though I had a long journey before me, through a land of strangers, where it was not even a wilderness.

They were good enough to contribute a sort of money purse, and presented me with three dollars. On this amount I traveled as far as Montgomery court-house, in the State of Virginia, where it gave out. I set in to work for a man by the name of James Caldwell, a month for five dollars, which was about a shilling a day. When this time was out, I bound myself to a man by the name of Elijah Griffith, by trade a hatter, agreeing to work for him for four years. I remained with him about eighteen months, when he found himself so involved in debt, that he broke up and left the country. For this time I had received nothing, and was, of course, left without money, and with but very few clothes, and those very indifferent ones. I, however, set in again, and worked about as I could catch employment, until I got a little money and some clothing, and once more cut out for home. When I reached New River, at the mouth of a small stream called Little River, the white caps were flying, so that I couldn't get anybody to attempt to put me across. I argued the case as well as I could, but they told me there was great danger of being capsized and

drowned, if I attempted to cross. I told them if I could get a canoe, I would venture, caps or no caps. They tried to persuade me out of it; but finding they could not get them agreed I might take a canoe, and so I did, and put off. I tied my clothes to the rope of the canoe to have them safe, whatever might happen. But I found it a mighty ticklish business, I tell you. When I got out fairly on the river, I would have given the world, if it had belonged to me, to have been back on shore. But there was no time to lose now, so I just determined to do the best I could, and the devil take the hindmost. I turned the canoe across the waves, to do which I had to turn it nearly up the river, as the wind came from that way; and I went about two miles before I could land. When I struck land, my canoe was about half full of water, and I was as wet as a drowned rat. But I was so much rejoiced that I scarcely felt the cold, though my clothes were frozen on me; and, in this situation, I had to go above three miles before I could find any house or fire to warm at. I, however, made out to get to one at last, and then I thought I would warm the inside a little, as well as the outside, that there might be no grumbling.

So I took "a leetle of the creater,"—that warmer of the cold, and cooler of the hot—and it made me feel so good that I concluded it was like the negro's rabbit, "good any way." I passed on until I arrived in Sullivan County, in the State of Tennessee, and there I met with my brother, who had gone with me when I started from home with the cattle drove.

I stayed with him a few weeks, and then went on to my father's, which place I reached late in the evening. Several wagons were there for the night, and considerable company about the house. I inquired if I could stay all night, for I did not intend to make myself known until I saw whether any of the family would find me out. I was told that I could stay, and went in, but had mighty little to say to anybody. I had been gone so long, and had grown so much, that the family did not at first know me. And another, and perhaps a stronger reason was, they had no thought or expectation of me, for they all had long given me up for finally lost.

After a while, we were all called to supper. I went with the rest. We had sat down to the table and began to eat, when my eldest sister recollects me; she sprang up, ran and seized me around the neck, and exclaimed, "Here is my lost brother."

My feelings at this time it would be vain and foolish for me to attempt to describe. I had often thought I felt before, and I suppose I had, but sure I am, I never had felt as I then did. The joy of my sisters and my mother, and, indeed, of all the family, was such, that it humbled me, and made me sorry that I hadn't submitted to a hundred whippings sooner than cause so much affliction as they had suffered on my account. I found the family had never heard a word of me from the time my brother left me. I was now almost fifteen years old; and my increased age and size, together with the joy of my father occasioned by my unexpected return, I was sure would secure me against my long dreaded whipping; and so they did. But it will be a source of astonishment to many, who reflect that I am now a member of the American Congress—the most enlightened body of men in the world—that at so advanced an age, the age of fifteen, I did not know the first letter in the book.

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